

# The Fulton County News.

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## DEATH WAS SUDDEN.

**Thomas F. Sloan, Esq., Passed Away at His Home on West Lincoln Way Yesterday Morning.**

This community was greatly shocked yesterday morning about nine o'clock when the word was passed around that Thomas F. Sloan, Esq., one of this county's most prominent citizens, had passed away suddenly at his home West Lincoln Way. The NEWS told of an accident that befell Mr. Sloan while descending a telegraph pole on Sideling Hill mountain on New Year's Day. He was not considered seriously hurt, and since that time he had been in his home,—up and about the house most of the time, and until a day or two ago, his condition seemed to be steadily improving. Yesterday morning he arose from his bed and went into the bathroom, where he had an attack of heart failure and expired almost instantly.

Mr. Sloan was very widely known among the officers and employees of the Western Union Telegraph Company, he having taken charge of the office in McConnellsburg on the first day of September, 1864, and served that company in the capacity of operator, and lineman continuously for a period of 51 years and four months. During the last 13 years, he had charge of the testing station at the Mountain House on Rays Hill, and never missed a day from duty on account of sickness, and during that time he was apparently in the best of health. He had reached the time when he would be honorably retired from service on half-pay for the remainder of his life.

In connection with his faithful service to the Company, he found time to read law, and in 1879, he was admitted to the Fulton County bar. As his reading had been a matter of pastime, and the acquisition of the knowledge of law for his own personal use, he never entered into active practice.

In religion he was a devoted Presbyterian, and for many years a Ruling Elder in the McConnellsburg Presbyterian church. On the 22nd day of February, 1870, he was married to Miss Josephine Alexander, a sister of the late Senator W. Scott Alexander, who survives, together with the following children, namely, Alexander, Thomas Franklin, Findlay Morse, James Addison, Walter Reed, Miss Mary Jane, and Miss Harriet Barton.

The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon and interment will be made in Union cemetery.

## MARY JANE ANDERSON.

Mary Jane Anderson, widow of the late Jonathan Anderson, a note of whose death was made last week, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James McElhane, Tuesday morning, February 8, 1916, aged 81 years, 5 months, and 4 days. The funeral took place Thursday morning, the services being conducted by Rev. Reidell, of the M. E. Church, and Rev. Bertson, of the U. B. Church. Interment was made in the cemetery at Clear Ridge. The deceased was converted at the age of twenty years, and for more than sixty-one years, was a consistent member of the Church of God, and she has entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

She leaves to mourn their loss one son and seven daughters, namely, Chevilla Ravenstine, Cove Forge, Pa.; Samantha Wagner, Laidig, Pa.; Alphretta Swartz, Three Springs, Pa.; Louisa Kerlin, Burnt Cabins, Pa.; Jenniah McElhane, Hustontown, Pa.; Grant Anderson, Three Springs, Pa.; and Myrtle Anderson and Narissa Shaw—both residing at Tyrone, Pa. Mother Anderson was a loving mother, and a kind and loving friend to all who knew her. She was an invalid for more than four years, and during

## Sales of Real Estate.

On last Saturday, two pieces of real estate were sold at public sale in front of the Court House. Miss Hattie Alexander, administratrix of the estate of John B. Alexander, late of Wells township, sold the farm of 160 acres to Walter R. Sloan, of McConnellsburg, for \$950, and Hon. John P. Sipes, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Benjamin Bolinger, deceased, sold a 30 acre tract in Taylor township to Harry Bolinger for \$460.

all of that time, she bore her sufferings with Christian fortitude.

## MRS. RUDOLPH RISSEL.

Maria Gress Rissel, wife of Rudolph Rissel, died in St. Elizabeth Hospital in Elizabeth, New Jersey, at half past six, Tuesday January 18, 1916, in the 65th year of her age. The cause of her death was pneumonia. The funeral was held on the following Monday, and interment was made in the cemetery at Elizabeth. She had been sick but nine days.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Godfrey Gress, deceased, and many years ago she married Rudolph Rissel and they resided in Elizabeth, N. J. She is survived by her husband and the following children, namely, Julius, John, and Henry, in Elizabeth, N. J.; Fred in the U. S. Navy, at present in the West Indies, and Lena, wife of Martin Finhorn, Chrome, N. J.; also the following sisters and brothers: Louvinia, wife of Jerome Stahl, residing in Nebraska, and George and Adam residing in York, Pa.

## THELMA WEAVER.

Thelma Weaver died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver near Warfordsburg, on Friday February 11, 1916 aged 6 yrs. 4 mo. and 29 days. While having been delicate from infancy the immediate cause of her death was acute gastritis. Thelma was a bright cheerful little girl and the large concourse of sorrowing friends who attended the funeral service, and the beautiful floral tributes, indicate in part the place she had won in the affection of those who knew her. The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Webster of Hancock, and interment was made at the cemetery at Tonoloway on Sunday. The parents have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in this their bereavement.

## JANE ELIZABETH BAKER.

At the age of 84 years, 5 mo. and 11 days, Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Baker passed away at the home of her son, Grant Baker, near Knobsville, on Friday, February 12, 1916, of infirmities incident to advanced age. The funeral took place the following Sunday, the services being conducted by Rev. A. S. Luring, of the M. E. church, McConnellsburg, and interment was made in the cemetery at the M. E. church at Knobsville. Besides Grant, she is survived by one other son, John Baker, whose home is in Hagerstown, Md., and who was present at the funeral.

## BERTHA DECKER.

Mrs. Bertha Decker, wife of Riley Decker, died at her home in Bethel township, February 1916, aged 23 years, 10 months and 1 day.

For more than a year Mrs. Decker was a sufferer from tuberculosis which ended her life.

Left to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother are her husband and an infant child.

Her remains were laid to rest in May's Chapel cemetery Sunday Feb. 6th. Funeral services conducted by Rev. E. F. Mellott.

## MARY MARIE MELLOTT.

Mary Marie Mellott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Mellott, East Market street, died early yesterday morning of acute pneumonia, aged 3 years, 6 mo. and 3 days. The little girl had been sick only a very short time, and her death is a great shock to her parents. The funeral will take place this afternoon and interment will be made in Union cemetery.

## FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

**While O. R. Cline is a Loyal Californian, He Cherishes Fond Memories of His Boyhood Home.**

LONG BEACH, CALIF., Feb. 3. DEAR MR. PECK:—

Enclosed please find draft for \$3.00, which will put me ahead again on the NEWS list. Notwithstanding many years have come between me and the home of the NEWS, as I view those dear old hills and valleys and their kindred associations from the memory of boyhood days, yet with all the new names of the living, and the weekly record of departing contemporaries, the NEWS comes a welcome weekly visitor to our distant home,—where the varied lullaby of the grand old Pacific, as it breaks in thundrous fury, or in gentle cadence on the shore a few hundred feet away, is our last daily "Good-night."

Many times I have been prompted to write a little letter to express my appreciation of the many contributions from other "Fultonites" scattered all over the United States, and beyond,—and of the medium through which we learn of each other. But it is so easy to defer such a matter that I find days and years go by without having acted. I am sure brother Peck will understand the sincere gratitude of each of us for his services; and also that each writer will feel that his or her contribution is appreciated, tho, may-be, not acknowledged.

Perhaps I may attempt to give some of my impressions of this coast country in contrast with the Atlantic coast country, some time in the future; but this will require both time and space not now available.

We have just past through an unprecedented month of rains, floods and resultant disasters. If those of the NEWS readers who, during the past summer, or at other times, viewed the rugged Sierras as their peaks pierced the fleecy clouds and stood out in bold relief against the blue sky so serene and placid, could have witnessed the transpositions to snow storms, thunder and lightning—of cloud-bursts that sent floods and disaster into the semi-tropical valleys below, they would respect them more for their mighty possibilities. Then, if they could look upon them some of these beautiful mornings, from amid the roses, geraniums and orange blossoms, as their serrated peaks, white as polished marble, stand out far above the clouds in the brilliant sunlight, they would witness the grandest and most magnificent sight that southern California presents.

I was interested in the recent letter from J. K. Stevens, of Kansas, on his trip through California. I am not sure just who this Mr. Stevens is; perhaps John Stevens of my boyhood acquaintance.

His observations and reflections, as expressed concerning California indicate satisfaction with his present Kansas home life. And, after all, this is the measure by which we gauge, in a very large degree, the relative merits of other places when contrasting them with our home. I wish it were an even greater factor in the lives of all our people. Then greater contentment and happiness would obtain.

For me, there is no place, association or condition of things—no matter how elysian—that can displace, or efface the scenes and environments of my childhood days in dear old Fulton County, Pennsylvania, as they are frescoed high on the walls of my memory. Other associations are likewise dear to me, and fill their allotted places in the course of life; but they do not supplant the former.

I think much about the transformation of the old turnpike into the Lincoln Highway, and wonder how much it has been improved under the new name

## BOILER EXPLOSION.

**John A. Irwin Painfully Scalded Monday Afternoon When Boiler of His Heating Plant Burst.**

The home of Merchant John A. Irwin, of the "Irwin Store," is equipped with a hot-water heating plant—the boiler being in the basement and the expansion tank and outlet pipe on the third story—the pipe opening out on the north side of the building.

About 12:30 Monday afternoon, Mr. Irwin went down to the boiler and seeing that it needed some additional water, opened the intake pipe. Soon after the beginning of the injection of the cold water, the boiler burst on the side by which Mr. Irwin was standing, and the escaping hot water and steam scalded him very severely from his chin to his feet. Dr. Mosser was called and rendered Mr. Irwin every attention possible under the circumstances, and Mr. Irwin has been resting as comfortably as might be expected. It is hoped that the burns were not deep, and that he will speedily recover without any ill effects of the accident.

It is believed that the blizzard of Saturday night and Sunday, which drove down from the north, sealed the outlet pipe, thus changing the plant from a hot-water, to one of steam.

## Her 81st Anniversary.

Mrs. James A. Stewart, of Green Hill, expects to celebrate in a quiet way her 81st birthday on Friday, the 18th. Among the guests to be present are her son, William N. Stewart, of Trenton, N. J., and her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Wible, of Harrisburg. Her home—the Green Hill House—is one of the very few remaining road houses that were famous among travelers between the East and the West before the advent of railroads, and it never closed. Mrs. Stewart lived there nearly all the years of her life, and has lived to see the "Old Pike" rebuilt, and rehabilitated by travel, and the old House is again frequently taxed to overflowing on many summer days and nights. We venture the assertion that no other landlady between Philadelphia and Pittsburg is so often remembered by her guests who send her souvenirs from all interesting points in North America. Mrs. Stewart assists actively every day in the duties of the household.

## Bought Nice Farm.

Dayton Mellott, formerly an Ayr township farmer, has just purchased the John F. Gelwicks farm near Edenville, Franklin county, and will soon move to it. The farm contains 231 acres, and has substantial and desirable buildings. It has been in the Gelwicks name for 103 years, and is known far and wide for its beauty of location and fertility of soil.

through Fulton county, as well as throughout the State. Southern California has more highway boulevards than, perhaps, any other like area of the United States; and it has been a splendid investment, though not economically expended. The construction of good permanent roads is one of the most logical and practical business policies Fulton county can adopt. Then with the highly perfected auto vehicles now available, and a quietus put on the 50 per cent. dividends of the Standard Oil Co., the question of transportation of all kinds can be quite satisfactorily met. With the fine boulevards in this southern California the auto vehicle has put railroads to a supreme test for existence in many places,—in both passenger and freight traffic. With best wishes to all NEWS readers and the Editor thereof, I am,

Sincerely,  
O. R. CLINE.

## FROM REV. GEO. SHOEMAKER.

**Wants to Visit McConnellsburg Soon as He Can Ride Over the Mountain on New Railroad.**

WATERLOO, IOWA, Feb. 7.—I "seen" in your last paper that all kinds of birds had come to the old town, because it was so warm. "Pshaw, now! you're joking, are you not?" Out here we have had "rasslin" time with the weather. Mercury racing away down to 36 degrees below zero, and the wind a howlin' to beat the band. When I arose from my virtuous couch this morning, I was greeted by a 26 degree count below zero, and, so far as I could see, there "werent no manner of need" or use for such capers on the part of the weather. Ice is plenty thick enough; germs are all frozen, and everything else done that needs to be done by cold, so far as I am able to judge. It must be that the weather man has designs on our coal piles. I burned up two tons of coke, for which I paid, of my hard earned money, seven dollars and fifty cents per ton, during the long month of January, just past. If that rate is kept up during the year, I'll be all broken to pieces in more ways than one.

But spring is coming, and summer, too; and we will have the birds with us in due time. Iowa—glorious Iowa—has never failed us yet, and she will not.

I read your paper every week from top to bottom, inside, outside, underside and every other side that is readable, and while doing so have numerous "asides" with the dear good woman by my side. The old town and the old friends have a grip on us that will not let go.

Do you know, I even read that "yarn" of Nace's—I think it must have been one of the young generation. I never could believe my old friend A. U. would ever spin such yarns—about his wonderful pullets. If he will just send those birds out here to Iowa, we will give them a touch of weather that will spoil their record for eggs, and we'll do it "dead easy." The idea of such "carryins on" by a lot of chickens! It beats all! But then, perhaps, that's what they planned to do. Eggs are selling here at 35 cents a dozen at the present time. Pretty stiff price for the buyer, but a smiling price for the seller. Apples are sixty cents a peck. My, but they taste good! Potatoes more than a dollar a bushel, cabbage, four cents a pound, &c., and yet we manage to live, and enjoy life—thanks to a kind Providence.

During the month of January, under the leadership of the Colegrone Evangelistic party, composed of Rev. W. S. Colegrone, Evangelist, Mrs. Colegrone, pianist and women's worker, and Prof. L. G. Dibble, soloist and chorus leader, my church held revival meetings. The work accomplished was excellent. Nearly two hundred people renewed their covenant, or began the christian life. The church and the community were greatly helped by these meetings, and this pastor is wonderfully cheered.

I began my work in this conference in the fall of 1877. Of the men then members of the conference, there remain only 9 in the effective ranks. Of these nine, only four, including myself are pastors of churches, the rest are in detached work. Yet, our Conference ranks are full, for God has raised up men to step in where others fall out.

Say, Mr. Editor, what has become of the Railroad? I look for some word about it every week. I am persuaded that if there was any word to say, an editor with the "nose for news" you have, would "smell" it. Before I go to Heaven, I want to ride over the Cove mountain on the cars. I may be doomed to disappointment, but I hope not.

I've just been thinking of the old time "butcherin' time." I

## Game Notes.

Secretary of Game Commission, Joseph Kalbfus, addressed a meeting of the local sportsmen's associations at Bedford last week. Bedford county is to receive a liberal number of game birds and animals for distribution this spring. Fulton county, according to a letter to this office, is to receive a small number of ring-neck pheasants in the spring. We have been told that ten or twelve years ago, a covey of tame English pheasants were liberated in the north-eastern part of this county, and they soon fell a prey to boys (big ones) who could walk up to them and pot them as easily as any old rheumatic rooster on the farm could be shot. The idea of preserving them until they become wild and multiplied seems not to have been considered. The Mexican quail brought from the torrid zone to be liberated in Pennsylvania to freeze to death, happily all died in Harrisburg before being set free. Experience in every state in the Union has shown that imported game birds are a rank failure in the United States, including those brought from similar climates. Local sportsmen united a few weeks ago in a request that several elk be liberated in the Meadowgrounds and in the Aughwick regions this spring, but the applications were refused by the Game Commission as not practical on account of probable damage suits that would be instituted by land owners. The Secretary states that accumulated claims now run into many thousands of dollars, and that wild turkeys are included in the nuisance class by some farmers.

## Visited Columbus.

Clayton J. Hixson, of Union township, and Harry Mumma, of Licking Creek, jury commissioners, were in town last Thursday, drawing the jurors for the March term of court. While calling at the NEWS office, Mr. Hixson told of a very pleasant trip he had to Columbus, O., during the holidays, visiting his daughter Amy (Mrs. E. J. Bennett) and his sister Elmira, (Mrs. John Lodge). One of the things that makes Columbus famous is, that it is the city in which Peruna is made the medicine that has made Dr. Hartman a multi-millionaire. Mr. Hixson, with some friends, visited the Doctor's dairy farms—eight or ten of them—near Columbus. Three hundred and forty cows are milked daily and the milk taken into the City and sold at 10 cents a quart. The men that do the milking are dressed in spotless white garments, and there is a man to do the milking for every twenty-six cows—the milking being done by hand.

## Lost Two Nice Heifers.

A peculiar accident happened causing the loss of two valuable young heifers to Farmer Conrad Glazier of the Cove on Sunday night. He was keeping a herd of cattle at his farm just south of town, tenanted by Dale Garland. When Dale went to the barn Monday morning to feed, he noticed that the cattle did not get up when the feed was placed in the manger, and on going around into the stable to investigate, found two nice two-year-old heifers lying dead in one of the stalls. It seems that one of the heifers had stripped her chain sometime during the night, went to visit a neighbor in a nearby stall, both became tangled up in the latter's chain, both fell and strangled to death.

Mrs. David M. Kendall entertained a few ladies at dinner on Thursday of last week at her home in Big Cove.

wish I knew who told the biggest butchering yarn this fall or winter. God bless all the friends old and new.

Vary truly,  
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

## OUR DISTANT FRIENDS.

**Interesting Extracts from Letters Recently Received from Former Fulton County People.**

L. F. TRITTLE, Spirit Lake, Iowa R. R. 3.—For the enclosed dollar bill, please renew my subscription to the FULTON COUNTY NEWS for the year 1916. We would not like to miss its weekly visits. It is very cold here and lots of snow, which interferes with travel on the public highways, as there is usually much trouble from drifting.

MRS. B. C. DAWNEY, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Can't do without the NEWS" so here's a dollar to put a "7" on our label. Even amidst the rush and bustle of a big city, our old home and friends occupy a great big place in our affections.

## Farm Notes.

We are at a loss how to begin our "notes" this week, for the reason that the mass of splendid data pertains to districts organized with some definite object in view. It seems that things that are worth while, things that bring solid and lasting benefit, are being accomplished only through, or by community work. Here is a story of a community that is selling 400 pounds of butter every week in distant cities at city retail prices. The butter is sent directly to the consumers by parcel post. That district has a wide-awake agent of the State Experiment Station to work up such matters for them. Briefly, the butter is all made by an expert in a centrally located creamery and it is real butter for which the city eaters gladly pay the price, for it never offends those aristocratic noses. The splendid work of boys and girls, clubs that never "go to pieces" would fill this page of the paper. Granges that deserve the name, conducted on sound business principles, seem to be winning wonderful results socially, financially, and politically. They are claiming the fatherhood of many of the recent laws that favor the farmer. All this looks easy and simple, but when we dig down under the surface for reasons, we invariably find that somewhere in the "bunch" there is a "gander" whose sole business it is to lead in the interest of his people. He reverses the usual order of too many isolated, temporary organizations by eliminating the cause of failure, namely, "what's everybody's business is nobody's business." Hundreds of men are men now past the A B C stage of learning the action, or the purpose of either of the three ingredients that compose a complete fertilizer and they are eager to enter a higher class class composed of men of their neighborhood who will stick together year after year for the accomplishment of some definite object. But which will assume the responsibility and give freely of his time in the necessary management? "Aye, there's the rub."

## License Courts.

Judge Gillan, last Friday, filed a decree granting all the liquor licenses applied for in Franklin county with the exception of the National Hotel at Greencastle, which was the only one against which there was a remonstrance. Owing to the fact that Bedford county has a "dry" Court, there are no applications for license this spring. The Adams county license court came to a close last Friday after a fight of almost three weeks. The remonstrances were against the hotel at York Springs, and two places in Gettysburg. Judge McPherson has set March 6th as the time for handing down the decisions in all of the cases. Jefferson county has been added to the "dry" list of counties of this state. The Judge recently refused all applications for licenses—44 in number. Last year the county had 43 licensed places.